

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 46]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1805

[WHOLE No. 150]

FAMILY PRIDE, and PARENTAL CRUELTY.

*Exemplified in the interesting History
of Mons. and Madame du F—*

*(From Letters written in France in
the Summer of 1790. By Miss Helen
Maria Williams.)*

(Continued from Page 353.)

MADAME du F— was at this time scarcely able to walk across her chamber, and the ground was covered with snow. They had already exhausted every resource; they had sold their watches, their clothes, to satisfy the cravings of hunger; every mode of relief was fled—every avenue of hope was closed—and they determined to go with the infant to the suburbs of the town, and there, seated on a stone, wait with patience for the deliverance of death. With what anguish did this unfortunate couple prepare to leave their last miserable retreat! With how many bitter tears did they bathe that wretched infant, whom they could no longer save from perishing.

Oh my dear, my ever-beloved friends! when I recollect that I am not at this moment indulging the melancholy cast of my own disposition, by painting imaginary distress; when I recollect not only that these were real sufferings, but

that they were sustained by you! my mind is overwhelmed with its own sensations!—

—The moral world,
Which though to us it seems perplex'd, moves on
In higher order; fitted and impelled,
By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
In universal good.

TROMSON.

Mons. and Madame du F— were relieved from this extremity of distress at a moment so critical and by means so unexpected, that it seemed the hand of heaven visibly interposing in behalf of oppressed virtue. Early in the morning of that day when they were to leave their last sad shelter, Mont. du F— went out, and, in the utmost distraction of mind, wandered through some of the streets in the neighborhood. He was stopped by a gentleman whom he had known at Geneva, and who told him that he was then in search of his lodging, having a letter to deliver to him from a Genevois Clergyman. Mons. du F— opened the letter, in which he was informed by his friend, that fearing he might be involved in difficulties, he had transmitted ten guineas to a banker in London, and intreated Mons. du F— would accept that small relief, which was all he could afford, as a testimony of friendship. M. du F— flew to the bankers, received the money as the gift of heaven, and then, hastening to his wife and child, bade them live a little longer.

A short time after, he obtained a situation as French usher at a school; and Madame du F—, when she had a little recovered her strength, put out her infant to nurse, and procured the place of French teacher at a boarding school. They were now enabled to support their child, and to repay the generous assistance of their kind friend at Geneva. At this period they heard of the death of their son whom they had left at Caen.

Mons. and Madame du F— passed two years in this situation, when they were again plunged into the deepest distress.

A French jeweller was commissioned by the baron du F— to go to his son and propose to him conditions of reconciliation. This man told Mons. du F— that his father was just recovered from a severe and dangerous illness, and that his eldest daughter had lately died. These things, he said, had led him to reflect with some pain on the severity he had exercised towards his son; that the feelings of a parent were awakened in his bosom, and that if Mons. du F— would throw himself at his father's feet, and ask forgiveness, he would not fail to obtain it, and would be allowed a pension on which he might live with his wife in England. In confirmation of these assurances, this man produced several letters which he had received from the baron to that effect;

who, as a farther proof of his sincerity, had given this agent seven hundred pounds to put into the hands of Mons. du F—for the support of his wife and child during his absence. The agent told him, that he had not been able to bring the money to England, but would immediately give him three drafts upon a merchant of reputation in London, with whom he had connections in business; the first draft payable in three months, the second in six, and the third in nine.

Mons. du F—long deliberated upon the proposals. He knew too well the vindictive spirit of his father, not to feel some dread at putting himself into his power. But his agent continued to give him the most solemn assurances of safety; and Mons. du F—thought it was not improbable that his sister's death might have softened the mind of his father. He reflected that his marriage had disappointed those ambitious hopes of a great alliance which his father had fondly indulged, and to him he owed at least the reparation of hastening to implore his forgiveness when he was willing to bestow it. What also weighed strongly on his mind was the consideration that the sum which his father had offered to deposit for the use of his wife, would, in case any sinister accident should befall him, afford a small provision for her and his infant.

The result of these deliberations was, that Mons. du F—determined (and who can much blame his want of prudence?) he determined to confide in a father—to trust in that instinctive affection, which, far from being connected with any peculiar sensibility of mind, it requires only to be a parent to feel—an affection, which, not confined to the human heart, softens the ferociousness of the tyger, and speaks with a voice that is heard among the howlings of the desert.

Mons. du F—, after the repeated promises of his father, almost considered that suspicion which still hung upon his mind as a crime. But, lest it might be possible that this agent should be commissioned to deceive him, he endeavored to melt him into compassion for his situation. He went to the village where his child was at nurse, and, bringing her six miles in his arms, presented her to this man, telling him that

the fate of that poor infant rested upon his integrity. The man took the innocent creature in his arms, kissed her, and then returning her to her father, renewed all his former assurances. Mons. du F—listened and believed. Alas! how difficult it is to suspect human nature of crimes which make one blush for the species! How hard is it for a mind glowing with benevolence, to believe that the bosom of another harbors the malignity of a demon.

Mons. du F—now fixed the time for his departure with his father's agent who was to accompany him to Normandy.

Madame du F—saw the preparations for his journey with anguish which he could ill conceal. But she felt that the delicacy of her situation forbade her interference. It was she who had made him an alien from his family, and an exile from his country. It was for her that, renouncing rank, fortune, friends and connections, all that is esteemed most valuable in life, he had suffered the last extremity of want, and now submitted to a state of drudgery and dependence. Would he not have a right to reproach her weakness, if she attempted to oppose his reconciliation with his father, and exerted that influence which she possessed over his mind, in order to detain him in a situation so remote from his former expectations? She was therefore, sensible that the duty, the gratitude, she owed her husband, now required on her part the absolute sacrifice of her own feelings; she suffered without complaint, and endeavored to resign herself to the will of heaven.

The day before his departure, Mons. du F—went to take leave of his little girl. At this moment a dark and melancholy presage seemed to agitate his mind. He pressed the child a long time to his bosom, and bathed it with his tears. The nurse eagerly enquired what was the matter, and assured him that the child was perfectly well. M. du F—had no power to reply: he continued clasping his infant in his arms, and at length tearing himself from her in silence, he rushed out of the house.

When the morning of his departure came, Madame du F—, addressing herself to his fellow-traveller, said to him with a voice of supplication: I

entrust you, sir, with my husband, with the father of my poor infant, our sole protector and support! have compassion on the widow and the orphan!

The man, casting on her a gloomy look, gave her a cold answer, which made her soul shrink within her. When Mons. du F—got into the Brighthelmstone stage, he was unable to bid her farewell; but when the carriage drove off, he put his head out of the window, and continued looking after her, while she fixed her eyes on him, and might have repeated, with Imogen,

—“I would have broke mine eye strings,
Crack'd them but to look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then—
Then turn'd mine eye and wept!”

When the carriage was out of sight she summoned all her strength, and walked with trembling steps to the school where she lived as teacher. With much difficulty she reached the door; but her limbs could support her no longer, and she fell down senseless at the threshold. She was carried into the house, and restored to life and the sensations of misery.

(To be continued.)

(From the Norfolk Gazette.)

THE LAY CURATE.

(Concluded from page 356.)

NOT life itself hangs by a more fragile thread than do the domestic felicities. Their connection is often broken, and their existence destroyed, by a word or a look. As we watch the approach and ravages of the diseases which impair the corporeal strength, and exhaust its vital energies: so ought we to be on our guard against the approach of those passions which interrupt the harmony of social intercourse, and cast a gloom over that scene which should forever shine beneath the vernal sun of hallowed friendship and tender affection. Most of all should this watchfulness correct the temper of those who are bound to bear a mutual interest in all the ills and all the comforts which,

intrinsically or incidentally, proceed from, or accompany the connubial state. He who, for the gratification of a weak desire of showing a superiority, which not nature so much as the partiality of civil institutions has created, will omit no occasion of proving that he has the power to make those miserable who depend upon him for happiness; who, rather than not disturb the ease and tranquillity of others, will make a voluntary surrender of his own; who will reject with intemperate brutality, the endearing solicitude of a kind and virtuous female, who has no wish more sincere than that of blessing his domestic hours; who can by a peevish contumely, return her tender attentions, and call them impertinent and obtrusive; should be considered as an unhumanized monster, and be driven, with ignominy, from the society of man, to dwell with those whose natures more resemble his own. Pity it is that for him there is an audit which he must abide. He will there be shown, in blazing characters, the nuptial vow which he has violated, the laws of manhood which he has contemned, the laws of sentiment which he has outraged; and will receive, from an impartial judge, the sentence which he has labored to deserve.

O thou! to whom my heart has pronounced its indissoluble vow! to whose soul mine feels itself united by the strongest ties of sympathy! whose happiness is the first object of my wishes never mayest thou have to charge me with the offence, most unpardonable and most ungenerous, of returning a cold look, a harsh expression, or a chastising frown, for that blessing which was conferred on me, when in the warmth of youth, thou gavest thy heart, thy hopes, and thy comforts of life, into my keeping! Should we together arrive at that meridian of a patriarchal life, shouldst thou, like *Sarah*, preserve that happy cheerfulness, which now blesseth those who love to be within its influence, to thy sixtieth and sixth year, while on my head as on that of *Abram*, a sixteenth lustre begins to shed its venerable honors; still may I, while clasping thee to my bosom with all the ardor of youthful affection improved by a long experience of thy riper virtues, be enabled, in the language of holy sincerity, to exult and say—"behold, now I know that thou art a fair woman to look upon."

A LAY CURATE.

(From the Boston Gazette.)

NOVELS.

THAT nature, in the gifts of intellect, has not been so profuse to woman, as man, has engaged the attention of many a weak mind. This has originated in that selfishness of soul, which disclaims candor, and is a disgrace to the human character. The truth is, nature has been equally bountiful to both sexes; and the different degrees of intellectual power, arises wholly from difference of education. The one is employed on those studies which strengthen, as well as exert the faculties of the mind; while the course of study pursued by the other, can yield nothing but the most listless effeminacy. Of this tendency, are many of those puny publications, *Novels* and *Romances*, admirably calculated to stupify the rational powers of the soul. They do indeed increase the glow of the passions, and likewise destroy the influence of reason. Imagination is active while perusing them; but it is often engaged to no other purpose, than to conceive of the attraction of sensual gratification; to soar to that ideal bliss, purified by the refinement of virtuous sentiment, yet in reality, founded in the grossest appetites of the human heart. Such is the flimsy veil that hides deformity, that these pernicious works arouse the fancy to exertion, and with it the naturally unhallowed character of the human passions; though at the same time the path of vice bear the exterior appearance of simplicity, innocence and virtue. When we read of two lovers living together in all the intimacy which is consistent with the light of day, and yet that at evening one lodges under the broad-spreading branches of the elm, and the other reclines beneath the shadowy and odoriferous myrtle, must not such conduct be thought, be known to be, chimerical and unnatural! Yet such are the sentiments of many a novelist; while the inexperienced maid who reads them, credulous, though innocent, enters the world with such impressions, and too often will not be suffered by her lover, to enjoy the sweets of repose, without his affectionate guardianship and protection.

The æthereal delicacy of feeling, and unadulterated nature of sensibility, which in the more lofty flights of novelists are painted in colors the most glowing, while they are exaggerating and un-

natural, cannot but cause the assent of the reader, through their plausible pretext.

The unwary mind, possessed of lively and warm emotions, views with rapturous anticipation the elysium, which is pictured as the residence of man.—But when she mingles with the world; where genuine virtue is as rare as it is estimable; and vice as deceitful as it is common, her character is continually exposed to the cunning and artifice of unsanctified desire. Here by sad experience she finds there is the purling brook and the shadowy grove; but the one is not always limpid; in the other the deceitful snake lurks for its luckless prey. The vale of Tempe is by the magic of reality converted to an uneven spot of ground, from which sometimes springs the modest, emblematic violet, at another the ranksome weed: In fine, fruition is so much inferior to anticipation, as to render even the joys of life a bitter draught. The fantastic notions of virtue, sensibility and social affection, which she has imbibed from these poisonous productions, totally unfits the female for those fond scenes of human life, for which nature designed her, and often taints that innocent simplicity of conduct, which so much allures and delights, and which is unknown to the duplicity of the coquette.

Far be it from me to condemn all novels. Some, as exact delineations of the human heart and life, are happily calculated to put vice to the blush, by their perfect reflection of its native deformity, to increase the influence of virtue, by describing its sublimity and beauty. Such are the novels of Fielding, a man who united uncommon acuteness of judgment to profound knowledge of the human character. But those heterogeneous works, which swarm in common circulating libraries, as they are the mere effusions of a distempered brain, uncomely and unnatural, are proper subjects of animadversion.

VERITAS.

LETTER FROM A WIDOWER

To his intended spouse

MY DEAR BETT,

SINCE we have agreed to be married, I hope you will not think the worse of me, for telling you before-hand what

I shall expect of you. As I have been married before, it must be construed an apology, for what would otherwise be considered as an act of rudeness. Man and woman are formed for each other, and it is their duty to promote their mutual happiness: but the major part of your sex frequently mistake their aim, and, by neglecting to cultivate and improve those means which first inspired their husbands with love and affection for them, lay the foundation of their own misery and uneasiness.

You must be very sensible how much your sex value themselves upon their beauty, and how very inattentive they are to the improvement of their minds. Where we meet with one lady who has studied how to embellish and set off the charms of her person with the graces of her mind, we fall in with fifty who think they were born only to be admired. By Jove, a man may as well have a picture, or a statue, to look at, as a woman of this sort; the former will always be the same; but the latter will become a mere remnant of beauty, unhappy at the recollection of what she was; additionally so, in being disgusting to her husband.

Did fine ladies study their own happiness more than they do, they would not be so very indifferent about the improvement of their understanding. A pretty person is very agreeable but it will not last for ever; and if it would, a lady of any reflection must very soon be convinced that a married station is subject to difficulties and distresses, which call for something more than beauty to alleviate and remove. This is the critical period. The husband either condemns his own folly for having connected himself with a mere doll, or thanks heaven for the choice he has made, in fixing upon a partner for life who can sympathize with him in all his adversity, or be jointly partaker of his happiness. A lady of this stamp heightens and increases every pleasure of his life; a woman like this is worth living for. But, alas! how wretched must that husband be, who, when he most needs the assistance of his wife, finds her the least capable of affording him any. The disappointment becomes the more intolerable by a man's reflecting—that his understanding has been imposed on in the choice he has made. This brings on disgust, creates indifference, and there ends all their happiness.

Farewel, dear Bett. If I did not think thee possessed of many great qualities, heightened by a virtuous education, I would never have fixed on thee for a wife.

Thine most sincerely,
M. T.

(From the Boston Palladium.)

"A Poet is a maker, as the word signifieth; and he who cannot make, that is, INVENT, has his name for nothing.

DRYDEN.

MODERN publications, in general, are collections of ancient aphorisms, sweetened to the present taste with soft-sounding syllables; diluted with the oil of *amplification*, and served up on wire-wove paper.—It has been thought the ancients have reaped the field of literature, and so faithfully, that the gleaners of this age find nothing in their progress. Whether this savors most of truth, or malevolence, I leave you to determine: certain however, it is, since the time of those we denominate the ancients, few have written with energy and purity. In the 17th century, *Poetry* seems to have halted; and those who have made any noise in the world since then, have sounded only as small arms at the close of a battle. Why *Poetry* came no further, I cannot answer; and it is of very little consequence, since we have made out to get along so well without her. The writings of this age, if they are deficient in originality of matter, are truly novel and ingenious in their manner; and considering it is no way our fault that we were not born four or five hundred years previous to the great harvest, I think we claim an equal share of merit. The ancients told stories in a common manner: if we can tell them more gracefully, ornamented with larger words, rounding off the angles with spondees, &c. they are not only become our own, but we have a full claim to their original merit, together with the profits which may accrue from the labor of transmutation. This, certainly, is an argument to appropriate any publication we think meet; for, had I (as before mentioned) been born at an earlier time, I might have written it; and though envious upstarts have so fancifully criticised this kind of appropriation, which they call *plagiarism*, I cannot for the life of me see why the *Iliad* is

not as much mine as Homer's, if I print it at my own expense, with my name in the title page. For instance—a gentleman says to another, Sir, I'll thank you for those snuffers. Some time after I have occasion to make a similar request. Now I must either become a *plagiary*, by using the same words, or devise some other method to obtain the snuffers: accordingly, on the "current principle, I modernise it, and say, my dear Sir, let me be obliged—extend to me those ignipotent digests, that I may defalcate the excrescence of this cylindric luminary. Here, although the import is the same, the expression is nothing similar; and, therefore, I make it mine without any imputation of plagiarism: of course, any play, poem, &c. when altered, or curtailed, if only of a line, (for then it is not what it was) becomes the property of the transmuter, until time sufficient shall have elapsed to rank him as an ancient.

A modern, from the inexhaustible source of amplification, will clothe a trite idea in a dress wholly original; he will place it in every point of view imaginable: he will not sluggishly throw down his pen, contented with having only told you his *Laura* has hair on her head; but, proceeding *secundum artem*, he will first give you several of the best definitions of hair; he will, by an artful and ingenious variety often use "tresses" "locks," "ringlets," &c. all which, he will say, are fine teguments of the body; each of which, with a microscope, we find to possess a circular bulbous radix, situated fundamentally in the skin, supplied with sockets which exhale nourishment from the circumjacent humors; that each of these filaments is composed of several others of almost inconceivable fineness, comprised in one common tegument, &c. He will also show the derivation, (for this is always the infallible mark of deep research) saying, it comes from the Saxon word *har*; always taking care to enlarge as he goes, as he has mentioned the word Saxon, it will not be inapt to give the history of the Saxons; and, by the same rule, that of the Spartans; for it would be abominable, when speaking of hair, to forget the Spartan dames, who so nobly twisted their tresses into bow-strings. But he will take due advantage of this, by making *Laura's* preferable every way.—Or, if he would place *Laura* in a most fashionable modern posture, with a periwig on her

head, let him say a periwig is adsciti-
tious hair, substituted for the natural
tegumental covering of the head; that
according to Menage, it is derived from
pilus; the Latin word from which comes
pelas; from *pelus* comes *pelutus*; from
this *peluticus*, then *pelutica*; from
pelutica, *perutica*; to this *peruea*; then
the French *Peruqu*, from which is deri-
ved our *periwig*. I will not hazard
your resentment, by explaining the ad-
vantages of *amplification*—they are very
obvious: every gentle reader knows it
gives a writer an opportunity of display-
ing his *lexicographic knowledge*; that
it makes a book respectable, both in its
size and appearance; which, conse-
quently, puts more money into the
bookseller's pocket—and that is charity.
It "multiplies books, which dissemi-
nates learning;" it raises the wages of
journeymen printers, which makes
them happier, while printing-ink finds
a good market—and all trades must
live.

I cannot close this without giving an
example of the true modern mode of
writing, which I have selected for the
purpose; the naked substance, expres-
sed in the ancient style, without any or-
nament whatever, is—

"A dog will bite
A thief at night."

THUS ANSWERED.

1. The faithful *Tray*, though ev'ry day he roam,
And rove a *thou* and flowery climes among,
Will seek, each night, with rapt'rous joy, his
home,
And to the moon attune his evening song.
2. Should then some wretch, by *pale-ey'd* famine
led,
Beneath the dusky mantle of the night
Approach his master's humble, *low-thatch'd*
shed,
To filch therefrom the bread, or dollars bright;
3. Our watchful dog, still mindful of his trust,
Flies to his heels, and lays him low in dust.
Fond, trusty cur, our noblest strains are due—
And we with joy this tribute give to you.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN KEPLER.

IF any man can seriously believe that
chance may have conducted things
with all this regularity for so many
ages, he would do well to repeat honest
Kepler's experiment.

John Kepler was a plain man of good
natural understanding, and the best

acquainted with the structure of the
universe of any of this day. He was
very unwilling to believe that chance
had built it, though chance had then
many zealous advocates, who loudly
contended that the whole honor of the
work belonged to that blind divinity.
To give the question a fair discussion,
he resolved to try whether chance
could do a much more simple thing,
with the letters that compose John
Kepler's name in Greek. He wrote
these ten letters upon ten slips of paper:
these he rolled carefully up, bustling
them in a hat, and then drew them out
one by one, to see whether, in repeated
trials, they would come out in the re-
quired order. He continued his expe-
riment until he was quite tired, with-
out success. Indeed, according to the
best computations I can make, chance
was not likely to do right above one
time in 164,459,296,000. The fortui-
tous concurrence of atoms has had many
a more serious answer, but never had a
better one.

N. B. The above account of Kepler's
experiment is to be found in his piece
De Stella Nova in pede Serpentarii.

ROOT AND BRANCH.

SARAH duchess of Marlborough,
was accustomed to make an annual
feast, to which she invited all her rela-
tions.

At one of the family meetings she
drank all their healths, adding, what
a glorious sight, it is to see such a num-
ber of branches flourishing from the one
root, but observing Jack Spencer laugh,
insisted on knowing what occasioned
his mirth, and promised to forgive him,
be what it would. Why then, madam,
said he, I was thinking how much more
all the branches would flourish if the
old root were under ground.

HOBGOBLINS.

By DICK RATTLE.

I Am a great advocate for mirth and
frolic, and make it my constant stu-
dy to tease an old superstitious aunt
of mine, that's terribly afraid of ghosts
and hobgoblins—I have frequently dres-

sed myself up in a white sheet, or dis-
figured my face for the pleasure of alar-
ming her in some dark corner—there
is nothing can dissuade her from a sup-
position, that there *exist* the apparitions
of *dead* people—for the sake of not ap-
pearing the instrument of those noises
and knockings which she so much
dreads, I laugh at the idea, and pretend
an anxiety of removing it; then awhile
counterfeit a serious face, and preach
against the possibility of such non-beings
as she talks of, I pull a secret string,
which sets all the bells in the house
ringing—"Eh? What's that?" I cry—
"There master Dick—there—she re-
plies—that's for your *blasphemous* speech
—you see now that there's something"
—"Pardon me madam—I don't see
any thing—but I hear"—"Well, that's
every bit as bad—hearing or seeing—
it's all the same to me—it shows that
there are apparitions."—"What that
dead men are alive?"—(in the heat of
our arguments, I always pull the string
again)—there—do you hear?—Lord
bless me—our father which art—be
quiet, what are you beginning at—oh
for shame—"my dear aunt, seeing is
believing—don't mind what you hear
without you see it."—"Don't talk to
me Sir—don't you think I know what
is what"—In this manner Sir, we pass
the time to my great entertainment and
her wonderful uneasiness—but last
night a rare joke took place—it was ve-
ry late—I was in bed—She appeared
before me with a glimmering light
—"Dick! Dick! Dick! I awoke at
the third sound—What! what! what!"
—"Oh my dear, dear, dear nephew
—run—for some poor restless un-
appeased spirit is in the parlor—
I have not courage to question it, and
beg you will go down—Damn the spirit
—let me go to sleep"—"Oh, for shame
—perhaps he is damned"—I now *did*
hear a noise, and apprehensive of
thieves, immediately rose up, and seiz-
ed my blunderbuss—but my infatuated
aunt was more afraid of the *dead* than
of the *living*—I proceeded half dressed
to the parlor, followed at a respectful
distance by the old lady—but guess
what I saw—the cat had some how or
other forced his head into a wry pitcher
where there was some milk, and could
not possibly get out again—enraged
grimalkin dragged it about the room,
making a violent noise—on my approach
he had just broke the vessel and releas-
ed himself—I smothered a laugh at the
joke—made a frivolous excuse (appar-

ently to my aunt, and seemed greatly agitated—she was confirmed in her opinion that she had seen *something*, and perceiving the pitcher broke next morning, will not be persuaded but some unfortunate soul is haunting the house.

A GOOD ONE.

A Gentleman in the country, writes to his friend in Petersburg for a STILL of certain dimensions, and thus expresses himself: "Sir I want a *still maid* that will work thirty-six gallants."

Virg. Argus.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, August 17, 1805.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the death of 58 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

CONSUMPTION 7—flux 23—dysentery 2—apoplexy 1—cholera-morbus 2—convulsions 3—croup 1—decay 2—dropsy 1—nervous fever 1—hives 3—infanticide (an infant found in Coenties slip) 1—inflammation of the bladder 1—inflammation of the brain 1—inflammation of the bowels 1—peripneumony 1—sprue 1—teething 4—ulcers 1—and 1 of whooping cough.

Of whom 6 were men—11 women—28 boys—and 13 girls.

Of whom 22 were of and under the age of one year—13 between 1 and 2—5 between 2 and 5—1 between 10 and 20—2 between 20 and 30—8 between 30 and 40—4 between 40 and 50—and 3 between 50 and 60—.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

On Saturday evening last, a lad named *William Beattie*, aged about 19 years, had undressed with an intention to wash himself, in the East River at Burling slip, near the end of the wharf. While thus standing, a person, in the

habit of a sailor, pushed him into the water, in which unhappily he soon perished, as he knew not the art of swimming. It is not yet ascertained who the person was, nor what was his motives, in forcing the lad into the destructive element.

The body was soon got out of the water, and medical assistance obtained; but owing to the absence from home of those to whom the apparatus for recovery of drowned persons, is intrusted, it was nearly an hour before the means was made use of. All attempts to restore life thus proved ineffectual; and his connexions are left to bewail his untimely death.

The above circumstance induces us to remark on the imprudence of such persons as are in the practice of washing themselves in deep water; and to suggest whether a remedy for such serious events might not be had, by the establishment of schools where the art of swimming might be learned.

Jerome Bonaparte—We have seen a letter from a gentleman in Paris, to his friend in town, dated May 26, 1805, which says, "Jerome Bonaparte was presented to the King of Italy, at Milan, the day before his Coronation; and received in full favor and grace. It is said he is to marry the queen of Etruria, with whom I had the honor of being in public company in Florence. Jerome's wife is here called Miss Patterson: She was forbidden to land, and ordered immediately back to the United States. It is said however, she is to have a French pension."

It is well known, that the Pope has annulled the marriage of Jerome Bonaparte with our beautiful countrywoman and it is not improbable, that his brother, the emperor and king, will endeavor to strengthen his alliance with some of the continental powers, by marrying Jerome to some one of their branches. Bonaparte has shown a singular anxiety to procure husbands for this Queen of Etruria. In every personal qualification she is said to be the very reverse of Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte, and the first husband Bonaparte should procure her was the late deformed dwarf,

the King of Etruria. The Emperor has more than once endeavored to coax his son-in-law, Prince of Beauharnois, to wed the widow queen; but he has declared off;—and now, it seems, Jerome is to espouse her.

We cannot think, after having sat at so fair a feast as his lovely American bride has spread before him, he may very readily consent to "batten on a moor."

Boston Centinel.

Among the privateers lately fitted out at Barracoa, is one, called, *La Bangourt*, commanded by a woman, carrying two 18 pounders, four 6's, two short cannonades, and 100 men, (18 of whom are Americans) and rows forty sweeps, (painted black.)

In one of the ships of the fleet that sailed lately from Falmouth for the West Indies went passengers a lady and her seven lap dogs, for the passage of each of which she paid thirty pounds, on the express condition that they were to dine at the cabin table, and lap their wine afterwards! Yet these happy dogs do not engross the whole of their good lady's affection as she has also in Jamaica forty cats and a husband!!!

Lon. Pap.

In one street on Bolton le Moor, in England there have lately been no fewer than 25 women in that advanced state of pregnancy which required the speedy assistance of the obstetric tribe. Two of these females were delivered of boys, in the same house, and within so short a period, that the man midwife had scarcely time to perform his duty with the one, until he was called to assist the other. The two children were during the confusion, inadvertently put into one bed: the consequence was, that nobody could afterwards ascertain to which mother either belonged. Neither of the mothers could identify her own child, and both claimed the handsomest.

Lon. pap.



MARRIED.

On Sunday evening last, Dr. Samuel Scofield, to Miss Sally Hathaday, both of this city.

Same evening, Mr. John Hopson, to Miss Susannah Loure, both of this city.

In Boston, Mr. Jacob Hanson, printer, to Miss Sally Twycross.

Same place, Mr. Josiah Ball, printer, to Miss Anna Matilda Hunt.



DIED.

At Philadelphia, Mr. John, Thompson, printer.

At Savannah, on the 15th ult. in the 28th year of his age, Mr. Samuel Morse, a native of Connecticut, and Editor of the Georgia Republican.

On the 8th of June last, near London, Arthur Murphy, esq. an eminent Barrister, and a celebrated Dramatic writer.

Yesterday afternoon after a short illness, Mr. William Morrow.

At Baltimore, on Thursday last, Thomas Shallcross, merchant of Wilmington, (Del.) He belonged to the society of friends, and was highly respected for his upright conduct through life.

At Montpelier, aged 69, Baron Homish, formerly grand master of the order of Malta.

At Whitehaven, William Woodburn, formerly well known in that neighborhood, by the appellation of the huntsman of the three kingdoms.

In the Fleet Prison, London, aged 35, Miss E. F. Robinson of swindling notoriety.

Lately, on his passage from St. Thomas to Martinique, Mr. Joseph Nicholls, merchant, late of this city. He had gone to St. Thomas for the purpose of establishing a commercial house there in connexion with Mr. Zephaniah C. Plati, whose death we announced a few days ago. Two

very worthy members of society have thus been suddenly cut off in the prime of life and in the midst of their usefulness.

In London, May 31, Sir William, Pulteney, Bart. He had been in a very dangerous state several days past, and underwent a surgical operation, which ended in a mortification, and occasioned his death. As a public man, no Commoner understood the constitution of his country better, or more uniformly supported by his conduct. He possessed a sound understanding, and his opinion was always received in the house with respectful attention. His language was plain and unadorned, but he always expressed himself with clearness and precision. In private life he was remarked principally for his frugal habits, which were perhaps the more striking, as he had the reputation of great wealth. Sir William married within these two or three years, but has left no issue. By his death there is a vacancy in the representation for Shrewsbury.

Dr. Paley. This very respectable pillar of the church, and ornament of literature, closed his earthly career at Sunderland, in the 62 year of his age. He was an Archdeacon of Carlisle, Sub-dean of Lincoln, and Rector of Bishopwearmouth. His works on religion and morals are much admired for learning, precision and elegance.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And on sale by J. HEWITT,
At his Musical Repository No. 59
Maiden Lane,
WHY WANTS ME.

Sung with great applause by Miss DEL-
LINGER.

JUST LIKE LOVE.

Sung with great applause by Mr. HODGKINSON.
THE DEATH OF WILLIAM.

AH! FATAL WAS THE MORNING.
THE MAID OF THE MEAD,
THE BABY'S HUSH-A-BYE,

Scales, Weights, & Measures.

ABRAHAM CARGILL,
PUBLIC SEALER OF WEIGHTS, MEAS-
URES, SCALE BEAMS, & YARDS,
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Four doors West of Peck Slip;
Where he continues to carry on his Manufactory of
Tin, Copper, Brass, Steel and Iron Ware; and
keeps on hand, a general assortment of Scales
Weights, and Measures, with a variety of Japanned
Pewter and Hollow Ware.

N. B. Weights and Measures Adjusted and Sealed
at the shortest notice.

W. S. TURNER,

Inform his friends and the public, that he has re-
moved from No. 15, PARK, to No. 71 Nassau-street,
where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of
SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such princi-
ples that they are not merely ornamental, but answer
the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in ap-
pearance that they cannot be discovered from the most
natural. His method also of CLEANING the
TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add
every possible elegance to the finest set without incur-
ring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In
the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINC-
TURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DE-
CAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in-
extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improv-
ed CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with in-
finite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady
at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at
No. 71 Nassau St. where may be had his ANTISCOR-
BUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valua-
ble preparation of his own from chymical knowledge.
It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years:
and many medical characters both use and recommend
it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH be-
come beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and
assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loos-
ened TEETH are rennerved fast in their sockets, the
breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that des-
tructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with
DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be
had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Me-
dicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from
this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public,
many thousand persons have experienced its salutary
effects. The following recent case is selected from a
numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

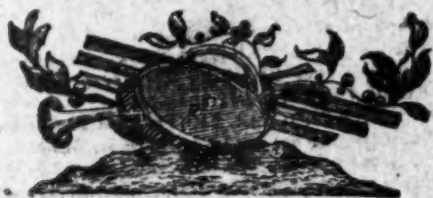
Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating
pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and
could obtain no relief from various medicines which I
tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's
Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle and applied
them according to the directions, and also bathed the
side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore
occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In
a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine,
the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me
since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknow-
ledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you
for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confi-
dence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from
which mankind are likely to derive such eminent servi-
ces. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I
ever heard of. You have my permission to make this
letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE.

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York.
Price, One Dollar.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's
No. 102 Water-Street, M^r. Lawrence Bowers, 439
Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's
Medicine Warehouse No. 26 Bowery Lane.



FEMALE CURIOSITY.

A Worthy squire, of sober life,
Had a conceited boasting wife;
Of him the daily made complaint;
Herself she thought a very saint.
She lov'd to load mankind with blame,
And on their errors build her fame.
Her favorite subject of dispute
Was Eve and the forbidden fruit.
"Had I been Eve," she often cried,
"Man had not fall'n, nor woman died;
I still had kept the orders given,
Nor for an apple lost my Heaven;
To gratify my curious mind,
I ne'er had ruin'd all mankind;
Nor from a vain desire to know,
Entail'd on all my race such woe."

The 'Squire replied, "I fear 'tis true,
The same ill spirit lives in you;
Tempted alike, I dare believe,
You would have disobey'd like Eve."
The lady storm'd and still deny'd
Both curiosity and pride.

The 'Squire some future day at dinner,
Resolv'd to try his boastful sinner;
He griev'd such vanity possess her,
And thus in serious terms address'd her,
"Madam, the usual splendid feast
Which our wedding day is grac'd,
With you I must not share to day,
For business summons me away.
Of all the dainties I've prepar'd,
I beg not any may be spar'd;
Indulge in every costly dish:
Enjoy, 'tis what I really wish;
Only observe one prohibition,
Nor think it a severe condition;
On one small dish which cover'd stands,
You must not dare to lay your hands.
Go—disobey not for your life,
Or, henceforth you're no more my wife."

The treat was serv'd, the 'Squire was gone,
The murr'ring lady din'd alone:
She saw what e'er could grace a feast,
Or charm the eye, or please the taste;
But while she reach'd from this to that,
From ven'son haunch to turtle fat;
On one small dish she chanced to light,
By a deep cover hid from sight:
"Oh! here it is—yet for me!
I must not taste, nay, dare not see;
Why place it there? or why forbid
That I so much as lift the lid?
Prohibited of this to eat,
I care not for the sumptuous treat;

I wonder if 'tis fowl or fish,
To know what's there I merely wish.
I'll look—O no, I lose forever,
If I'm betray'd, my husband's favor,
I own I think it's vastly hard,
Nay, tyranny to be debar'd.
John you may go—the wine's decanted,
I'll ring or call you when you're wanted."
Now left alone she waits no longer,
Temptation presses more and stronger,
"I'll peep—the harm can ne'er be much,
For though I peep, I will not touch;
Why I'm forbid to lift this cover,
One glance will tell and then 'tis over.
My husband's absent, so is John,
My peeping never can be known."
Trembling she yielded to her wish,
And rais'd the cover from the dish:
She starts—for lo! an open pye
From which six living sparrows fly.
She calls, she screams, with wild surprise,
"Haste, John, and catch these birds," she cries,
John hears not, but to crown her shame,
In at her call her husband came.
Sternly he frown'd and thus he spoke,
"Thus is your vow'd allegiance broke!
Self-ignorance led you to believe,
You did not share the sin of Eve.
Like her's how blest was your condition!
How small my gentle prohibition!
Yet you, though fed with every dainty,
Sat pining in the midst of plenty;
This dish, thus singled from the rest,
Of your obedience was the test;
Your mind unbroke by self-denial,
Could not sustain this slender trial.
Humility from hence be taught,
Learn candor to another's fault;
Go know, like Eve, from this sad dinner,
You're both a vain and curious sinner."

SONG TO HOPE.

COME, Hope, thou little cheating sprite,
And let us set this quarrel right:
Come thou to me,
Or I to thee,
No matter, so we but agree.

You told me Phillis would be true,
I trusted her, I trusted you;
She prov'd a jade,
I was betray'd,
And this was one sly trick you play'd.

You promised me to launch a dart
At Parthenissa's stubborn heart;
You swore 'twould hit;
The duce-a-bit;
It miss'd—you told a second lie.

You said, have imp, that I should find
Belinda best of woman kind;
The knot was ty'd,
She was my bride;
She was my plague—again you ty'd.

A thousand times you vow'd and swore,
And flab'd and flatter'd o'er and o'er;
Though all was vain,
It kill'd my pain;
Come, then, and cheat me o'er again.

N. SMITH.

Chymical Perfumer from London,
at the New-York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whiten- ing and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly imposed sweet scented hard and soft Po- matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

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